

Mrs R V M P brought to Bed of a MONSTER, with her terrible pangs,

bitter Teeming, hard Labour, and lamentable travel from *Portsmouth* to *Westminster*, and the great misery she hath endured by this ugly deformed, ill-begotten Babe or Monster of New Reformation, with the great care of Nurse *Hastlerig* and Mrs *London*.

The Prologue.

Let merry Bells with Musick backwards Ring,
Whilst we the praise of Mistress Rump do sing,
Let all her friends at Portsmouth Bonfires make
Of purest Straw they from Pis'd Beds can take;
With Eccoes loud like screeking of a Cart,
And with shrill noise more sweeter then a F---
For now she's safe from danger brought a bed,
Behold the Monster of her Maiden-head;
The Nurse is paid, not by imagination,
But by the new found Coyn call'd Sequestration.
'Tis strange a Rump that's rosted, boy'd, and broyl'd,
Should dye, and yet produce a Monstrous Child;
But yet Spectators now with patience view
This Scene, 'tis call'd, a false Rump never true.

Enter Mrs. *Hastlerig* an old Nurse and chief Matron to the Rump.

GAllop, Ride, Trot, Amble, Go, Run amaine, with all agility, dexterity alacrity and celerity, call Mrs *London* the Midwife, and tell her Mrs *Rump* desires her to come away presently, for she's in strong labour, and endures miserable pangs and throws, that comes upon her by playing the Whore at *Portsmouth*; pray Heavens she hath not taken some fright at the exclamations of the people against the Fag-end of a Parliament! He be sworne it is enough to fright a gentle-woman of her quality and breeding to be despised by every idle boy, that makes verses, Rimes, and Songs of her, making no better of her then a Common Camp or Amunition M--- turning up her Tayl to every lowly Ill-dependent besides *Martin* the town-Bull. Well she is not the first that hath done amiss, these are but slips occasioned by the weakness of her Sex. I'll in and make her a spiritual Cawdle, I doubt shee'll have an ill ba gain on't. Mrs *Rump*, how do you? I say Mrs *Rump*, Will you have a little Strong-water of Mrs *Scors* distillation? or a Cawdle of *Sequestration* to comfort you?

Mrs *Rump*. Oh sick, sick, I must spew Nurse. pray reach me a Boul, Haw--- aw--- aw---

Nurse. Well sed Mrs, fetch it up: up with it: Heaven blese us! what's this Looks so Red Mrs?

Mrs *Rump*. Oh 'tis Blood, innocent blood that hath lye in congealed clods in my stomack this 11 years; Hark how loud it cries out for vengeance! I never felt it before I was overpowred by my Secluded Gossips, only once at *Portsmouth* when I was frighted by my Gossip *Fleetwoods* party and the *London* Apprentices. Oh the death of my King, his blood and the fear of his sons coming, causes my pain to encrease, I understand too late he suffered by my tyranny an innocent and untimely death.

Nurse. 'Tis well tis up, Mrs cast again.

Mrs *Rump*. Aw--- Aw--- Oh, oh my heart is almost burst.

Nurse. Lord Mrs What is this that looks so yellow; Is it Choller?

Mrs *Rump*. No Nurse 'tis Gold, accursed Gold, for love of which I sold my God, murdered my King, gave away my Soul, and pulled down the gates Pericullifes and Posts, nay thorough thy instigation, had like to have fired the habitation of my good Midwife Mrs *London*, and that for a small sum of one hundred thousand pound. Aw--- aw--- aw---

Nurse. Whats this looks like Paper?

Mrs *Rump*. These are Votes, and Ordinances of my own creating, contrary to Law or Reason, made only to Keep out my King contrary to my Oath of Allegiance, and for sequestering my friends to enlarge my own Coffers. Pray hold my back hard Nurse, else my heart will shiver in pieces.

Nurse. Whats this that comes so strongly up? Foh foh, now it stinks all the Kingdom over, but I cannot help it.

Mrs *Rump*. Oh Nurse its too late now. This is that damnable Declaration you caused to be lapt up in an Oath of Abjuration against my Sovereign the King, aspersing him and his whole Line with scandalous lies: calling him tyrant who was the most Virtuous mild and loving Prince to his Subjects in the World; Pray fling some hot embers on it, and make hast for Mrs Murder, Mrs Rapine, and my good neighbour Mrs Perjury.

Nurse. I'm gone, here's the Midwife, Mrs *London* is come forsooth.

Mrs *London*. Mrs *Rump* how do yo I pray?

Mrs *Rump*. Oh Mrs *London*, help me now or I dye, never did *Rump* endure so much sorrow, with bitter pangs, sobs and sighs. Oh, oh I am ready to dye, you need not have fraid so long; there was no Gates, Portcullises or Posts to hinder you, Oh I'm ready to depart!

Mrs *London*. Go, and the Devil go with you, I came but to laugh at thy misery, thou hast had too much of my help already, which hath emboldned thee to play the Strumpet.

As soon as she had made an end of speaking, in came rushing Mrs. *Privilege*, Mrs. *Ordinance*, Mrs. *Schisme*, Mrs. *Sedition*, and Mrs. *Tolleration*, who presently fell about their business: one held her hands, another her back, and a third her members, she being in this grievous agony (having no hopes to scape with life, desired Mrs. *Hastlerig* to indite a bill to have her play'd for) and that it be speedily sent by the Lord Mayor to the several Congregations within every their respective Parishes for her safe Deliverance; which most accurately she penned in form of a Declaration, in these words following.

The Declaration of Mrs. *Rump*, lying very weak, and in most grievous Pangs of Child-bearing; and cannot be DELIVERED.

WHatsoever dangers are threatened or feared, either by the great perplexity I am at this present in (or by reason of my manifold sins that now in my weakness lie heave upon my Conscience,) yet I have assurance, that if I confess and fortake them (as I have no such intention) I shall finde mercy.

Therefore I confess and acknowledge (but not from the bottom of my heart) that for the space of these eleven yeers I have been a most cruell murderer, not onely of bodies, but of souls; that I have perjur'd my self, first by my Oath of Allegiance, and secondly by my Solemn Covenant, wherein (as in *Hof. 1.9.*) I have spoken words, swearing falsely in making a Covenant; springeth up (against me) like Hemlock in the furrows of the field: That I have most Trayterously betrayed, and murdered my lawful King, the Anointed of the Lord; that I have made Gods House and the Kings House a Den of thieves: that I have loved wickedness, and practised it; that no fear hath dehorted me from doing any thing, (but Justice) that I have Robbed both God and the King, and have not feared the one, nor honoured the other: that I have used all manner of jugglings, Coufenance, contradictions and Equivocations, that my Religion hath been Rayling, Blasphemy; Treason and Tautologies.

And that I have not only Covered but by the instigation of the Devill, and against the Lawes of our Sovereign Lord King *Charles*, forceably taken, stole and carried away the Goods and Chattells of many thousands of His Majesties Loyall and obedient Subjects; that I have made this *Canaan* of all happiness, a *Golgotha*, and Field of Blood; and have yoked my fellow Subjects to the Pride, Tyranny and Oppression of my own Lust and Ambition; instead of Reforming I have Deformed, and instead of repairing I have pulled down; Which hath occasioned all these miseries to fall upon me; My greatest grief of all being, that I know I have committed all this, and much more, but cannot Repent for the same; therefore the severall Ministers within the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and the late Lines of Communications, are desired upon next Good Friday if I shall not be delivered before, to keep a day of feined Humiliation, and Pratings; that the heavy judgments that so inevitably threaten me, may be diverted: That so I may come in againe to Rule, Reigne and Tyrannize over you, *Rump everlasting*, Impositions, Assessments and Taxations without end. Amen. Your despised Friend, *Rump*.

While this was writing Mrs. *Rump* grew worse and worse, and the good Wives made account she had been drawing on: therefore Mrs. *Privilege* stept to her and spake as followeth, viz.

Mrs. *Priviledg*. Dear Daughter I perceivce by thy Pulses beating, and so much blood springing out of my Conscience into thy Face, that thou art almost already as it were dead, and its a question whether the Child thou now art in labour with may come to perfection or no? or live to receive its Christendome, and though I have upheld thee in all thy Actions, and safely brought thee from *Portsmouth* to *London*; yet thy sins and abominations have been so great I cannot deliver thee so as to restore thee to thy former power, I advise thee therefore restore what is taken by thy cruel Paws from thy God, thy King, thy Neighbour, and repent of thy perjury.

Whilst thus she speak the Room was fill'd with smoak, over spread clear with darkness, the Candles went out, and terrible thundring were heard, intermixt with wawling of Cats, howling of Doggs, and barking of Wolves, which struck a great terrour in all her Gossips: In the mean time Mrs. *Rump* brought forth an ugly deformed Monster without a Head, goggleey'd, bloody hands, growing out on both sides of its devouring panch, under the Belly hung a great Bag, and the Feet were like the Feet of a Bear; those that will see it may repair to the Plantation of Fumigofus call'd Slavonia, where this Brat is gone to be nurs'd with her Cosen *Jermine*, Mrs. *Sequestration*, who no sooner departed, but in comes the secluded Nurfes.

Enter Secluded Nurfes; What's here to do? Is no Room left for us, if not, wee'll make Room by force.

Nurse *Lenthall*. Pray sit down, you'r all Welcome.

Secluded Nurfes? Nurse *Lenthall* pray read over the Manuscript of Mrs *Rump*.

Nurse *Lenthall*. Here's an Act againe the line of King *James*; an Act for sequestering Booth and *Lamberts* parties.

Secluded Nurfes. Those Acts we Vote as Null and Void, we clear the Road; let the next go on where we have left; and right will take place, the putrify'd *Rump* be in a weak Condition, though its suppos'd we fatt'ed them,

WVee'll make them Leane, and all for sorrow sing
Themselves to Hell; England shall have a King.

Epilogue.

Rejoyce Great Britain now, for King there's none
Shall Govern thee, but Charles, and he alone
WVill peace and plenty to this Nation bring,
VWho is the Son of Charles thy Martyrd King.
The Rump of Traytors, that did fore so high
To spill the blood of sacred Majesty,
Are now defunct, Poor where, shees brought a Bed
Of along tayl, but neither Brains or Head.

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